Vol. II. No. 8. Total 60.

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
*Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received*

Saturday, *January* 2, 1802.

## OLD NICK:

### *A SATIRICAL STORY.*

(CONTINUED)

NO two people could be more opposite in their nature than the dean's daughter and young Pawlet, who was about thirty, the same age as herself. He was about the middle size, and rather inclined to be lusty; of a cheerful, ruddy countenance, in which you might plainly read the characters of benevolence and kindness. I speak of him as I am told he was then, as I know he is now.—A more tender hearted creature never existed. Nothing can ruffle him but injustice, oppression, or want of charity. Without professing to be a philosopher, he is so much so as to think nothing in this world worth quarrelling about. He is, in short, what St. Paul beautifully describes Charity itself to be: He "suffers long, and is kind; envies not; boasts not of himself; is not puffed up; does not behave unseemly; seeks not his own; is not easily provoked; thinks no evil; rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

Such was, and such is now at fifty, the man the dean chose for his daughter's husband. Lord Clarendon observes*, that "clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can read and write;" and my friend was a great instance of the veracity of this observation. Old Pawlet no sooner opened the affair, and stated how happy it would make him, than his son, without considering a thousand other things that should be considered on these occasions, instantly agreed to it.

The period was not long before the indissoluble knot was tied, and Cupid coupled such a pair that evening as he had scarcely ever seen, although his mother * is of old notorious for bringing opposites together. Ovid has no metamorphose so strange, sudden and absurd, as Mrs. Pawlet made in the parsonage house. My worthy friend, with a meekness of temper far surpassing that of Socrates, bore it all without repining, and even assisted at making alterations, and agreed to the adoption of many plans, which he could not but disapprove. So that there was no murmuring and no complaint; he was happy and contented. He submitted, and still submits to his wife in every thing but one—in acts of benevolence and charity he is insuperably obstinate, and will suffer no control.

The mildness of his manners produced some effect upon her, and he in his turn performed a metamorphose, making her a little more tolerable and reasonable than she was. There is yet, however, full enough of the old woman in her character. To tell all her whims and vagaries would be an endless task:—however, I shall notice a few.

Having gone the whole round of sciences in a very cursory way, she talks of all, and exceedingly loves to be called a LIVING ENCYCLOPÆDIA. She is always reading or writing, let her be wherever she will. Takes snuff immoderately. Talks with precision. Never suffers any one to pronounce or use a word improperly. Always explains the figures she uses, and reasons logically, that is tediously and foolishly. Has dipped in Euclid. Is full of solids, angles, parallelograms, logarithms, &c. The same of geography. Never hears of a place but she tells you on which side of the equator it is, north or south, and in what latitude and longitude. In like manner of astronomy. Then there being no apothecary in the village, she has studied the whole *materia medica* for the benefit of the family. Can read a physician's prescription as well as an apothecary. She physics all the servants to such a degree on the slightest indisposition, that when they are really ill, they sham well for fear of being dosed.

She has her own library, which is crowded with books of all descriptions, but principally in the dead languages. She prides herself on the correctness of a barometer she hangs out of the window, which, by the bye, is none of the best. However, if it indicates that the weather is fair, she will contend that it is so, although it should rain in torrents. Often too, when people are sick, she will give them a thousand reasons why they should not be sick, and make a man's head ache ten times more than it did, in proving to him that there is no cause for its aching.

They sleep together, and I verily believe, that, unless it is when they do sleep together, that is, at the same time, Mr. Pawlet gets but a small share of it. In the middle of the room, much against his inclination, she suspends a large glaring lamp, which burns throughout the night. By the side of the bed are placed a table, pens, ink and paper, and constantly in the dead of night, if a thought strikes her, she rises to put it down. And frequently she wakes the parson from his peaceful slumbers, to ask him his opinion about passages he knows as little of as the man in the moon. So here I finish my description,

* In his Life.

* "With sportive cruelty she binds,
"Unequal forms, unequal minds."
Hor. Carm. lib. 1, od. 33.

for I am tired of talking. Now, what say you to your mistress?"

Except an occasional smile or ejaculation, Barclay had gazed in silent astonishment at his friend all the while he was speaking. He now exclaimed, "Poor Pawlet! by h——, my heart bleeds for the man! Why his father did not use him so well as Nathan did David. Nathan offered David the choice of war, pestilence or famine, but, this woman is worse than all three put together."

"Aye!" said Keppel, laughing, "I knew you would be glad to get off, after I had told you a little more about her."

"Off," cried our hero, "not I, I'll have a grapple with her tho' she were twenty encyclopædies."

Here ended their conversation on this subject, and I am heartily glad of it.

## CHAP. XIII.

*The difference between a married man at home and abroad.—Gregory alarmed.—A singular expression in Homer.—Letters of recommendation.—Love.—A certain and cheap cure for it.—The Leucadian leap more expensive.*

WERE we to judge of men's dispositions by their conduct to those they love, we should constantly err in our conclusions. And such will be the case with the reader, if he should form his opinion of Keppel from his treatment of Barclay. Doing so, he could not but imagine him the very soul of beneficence, kindness, and good nature. To his friend, it is true, he was so, but to men in general (so far as not to insult) he was almost entirely the reverse. So it is, men are not to be judged hastily of, nor are we to suppose that we know a man's behaviour in all situations, from seeing him in one. I have seen a married man with a pretty girl, oh, so loving! Well, perhaps you'll think he's so with all women? Go home with him, sir, and see him with his wife.

The necessity of Barclay's speedily vacating London being urgent, the time was soon fixed upon for his departure. Packing up, and other needful preparations, presently gave Gregory the alarm. Ever since his master had talked of parting with him, he had been full of hopes and fears; the latter were now increased,—he dreaded something, but he knew not what; and his great respect for his master would not permit him to make any impertinent inquiries. Barclay was well aware of the state of his mind, and would willingly have done any thing to have prevented the affliction he was sure he would suffer, when informed that they must separate. However, it was not to be avoided, and Barclay, fearing to trust himself alone on this occasion, resolved to call in the assistance of Keppel, by whose aid he hoped to effect his purpose with less difficulty.

The day previous to our hero's leaving town, Keppel came to his chambers, prepared to combat the scruples of Gregory, and to shew him the propriety of submitting to a separation. Gregory was called in, and the matter broken to him as gently as possible, by Keppel. Barclay remained silent. When his friend had ended a plain statement of the facts, Gregory began to give his reasons why they need not part, addressed himself to Barclay, talked of his affection for his father, and his love for him. His language was rough, but every word came from his heart. Barclay could not endure it: he rose, and withdrew.

After a moment's pause, Keppel renewed the subject; and with much argument, to prove the necessity of parting, but more from the detriment he told him he would be to his master by going with him, he at length like the white-armed goddess from the cloud-compelling Jove, obtained from him a kind of *willing unwilling* consent to stay behind. Keppel then proceeded to tell him, as if secretly, that he did not think his master would continue there long, which seemed to give him some relief. "In the mean time," added he, "you shall either return to your business, or remain with me. I will take care of you."

"I am ashamed of being so bold," cried Gregory, "but I think you had much better take care of my master instead of me—do sir, now pray think of it?"

"I have offered it a hundred times," said Keppel, "but for what reason I know not, unless it be pride, he has constantly refused me. But you will not, Gregory?"

Gregory bowed, wiped his eyes, and saying, in a tone scarcely audible, "I shall do my best to please you," left the room.

Barclay spent the remainder of the day with his friend, who gave him all the information respecting the good people he was about to live with that he thought necessary, and above all things entreated him not to neglect to write often, to tell Penelope of his unalterable love, and to assure him, from time to time, of the continuance of her's. He then told him that he had already written to Mrs. Pawlet concerning her amanuensis, and paved the way for as good a reception as a woman of her character could be expected to give. "Further," said he "here are four letters of recommendation for you to my friends. The first is to Mrs. Pawlet, setting you forth in the light in which it will please her most to view you; the second is to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, her husband, who would without it, have treated you with the greatest humanity, but who will, in consequence of it, use you as my friend; the third is to Mr. George Pawlet, the clergyman's elder brother, who lives with his family (such a family! but I leave you to find out their virtues) not far distant from the parsonage! the fourth is to the Honourable Mr. Buckle, stiled honourable because he is the son of a lord; how much so otherwise, you will be better able to tell me hereafter. The first two letters you will deliver of course; the latter you will, or will not, as it may please you best."

Barclay took the letters, but made no answer. He had been melancholy the whole day, and as the last hour drew nearer and nearer he became still more so. To leave those he loved, or had lived with all his days, and to become the servant of any one, however flattering an appearance the servitude might assume, were galling and afflicting to his free and affectionate heart;—a heart, too, yet suffering from the wounds inflicted by one, the possession of whom every thing seemed to conspire to make him despair of obtaining:—Wounds, therefore, that promised to last for ever; since, like those received from the Pelean spear, they could alone be healed by that which had been the cause of them. If this be really the case, how much is a poor man to be pitied, who falls in love, as he clearly cannot get rid of one evil without incurring another. "I know," said the god of physic to Daphne, "I know the virtues of all plants. Alas, that none of them can cure love!" Then, "Throw physic—" No, hold,—there is one plant mentioned by Pliny* that doubtless escaped the notice of Apollo, which, though the naturalist does not say that it may be used in these cases, I will take upon myself to recommend, as a very efficacious and speedy remedy, if *prepared according to art, and properly applied.* He calls it *canabis*, but it is amongst us moderns, better known by the vulgar term *hemp.* It is, at all events, as *safe* a remedy for love, as the Leucadian leap†. My readers (all

* Lib. xix. c. 9.

† Leucadia was an island in the Ionian sea, remarkable for a tremendous promontory, from which lovers precipitated themselves as a cure for love. They were cajoled into this belief by priests, who became

novel readers are in love!) will do well to try this valuable recipe at their leisure.

Keppel observed, and readily guessed at the cause of his friend's gloom. He consequently employed his best endeavours to dissipate it, and with the help of Bacchus, who may be justly described as having *the lips of persuasion*, he succeeded in keeping him in tolerable spirits until they parted.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Parting.—A stage coach.—The passengers.—Bob and the Quaker.—What month in the year is like a pretty woman.—The retort.—Revenge.—Why you may do any thing with your own father.—Dinner.—A humourous scene between Bob and the Quaker.*

"COME along, Sir, come along," cried the coachman, seeing Barclay turning into the coach-yard, accompanied by Keppel, "come, which of you is it? jump in, jump in! I am full a quarter of an hour behind my time."

If Barclay had kept the stage-coach waiting, it was not on account of his having overslept himself, for he had risen at five, and it was now a quarter past six. This interval had been past in bidding farewel to his friend and Gregory; the latter of whom had taken on so extraordinarily, that it was deemed proper to insist on his not going to the coach with his master, lest his conduct should make them all ridiculous.

Barclay had sent his trunks the preceding night, and time pressing, he shook his friend affectionately by the hand, and not without a tear on either side they parted. Taking his seat, the coach instantly drove off.

One would think a man, in the predicament of our hero, driving away from bailiffs, would feel himself in excellent spirits. Such, however, was far from being his case. Seating himself, without apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, or noticing his companions, or the murmurs that arose on his entrance, he fell into a reverie, from which he was roused by the coachman, who, having driven them about twenty miles, had stopped to give them an opportunity to breakfast.

The passengers, breaking their fast in various ways, did not meet at a regular meal, and the time allowed being soon elapsed, they again took their places in the coach. Barclay now began to peruse a little book he had brought on purpose to amuse him on the road. He had not read long, however, when he was interrupted by—"Read in company!—d——d unpolite!"

This exclamation uttered in an under tone, was evidently aimed at him; but he thought it prudent to take no notice of it.

However, he now for the first time surveyed his companions. He was sitting forward, and by his side sat a Quaker, an elderly man, apparently possessing a very liberal proportion of the stiffness and formality of his sect. On the opposite seat was a lusty man, of a rubicund countenance, who, as it afterwards appeared, was an opulent farmer; he had made his ample breakfast on rum and milk, which had stilled his spirits into soft repose. On his left, facing the Quaker, was his son, the person who had made the above exclamation. The youth had been apprenticed to a linen-draper, and when out of his time, set up for himself; but neglecting his business, and affecting the man of fashion, he had broke three times in the course of two years. His father had been to town to settle his affairs, and, not liking to advance any more money to such an unfortunate trader, he had prevailed upon him to return to the country. His dress was in the extreme of the ton, which only served more effectually to betray his vulgarity and ignorance.

Such were our hero's companions, and, having slightly glanced his eye over them, he returned to his former occupation. The young spark finding his hints of no avail, and being of a restless disposition, he resolved no longer to contiuue sitting there, "like *mum-chance*," (as he called it) silent and inactive.

"Demme," cried he, "but you're a set of dull 'uns!" Then slapping his father on the thigh, "Dad," said he, "shall I go and fan 'em along?

"Eh!" gaped the old man, "what?"

"What?" exclaimed the other, "why shall I go and *hish, hish, yay, yay?*" Here he made signs of driving.

The Quaker, though he was a silent man, did not want comprehension. He perceived what was going forward, and bridled himself up with uncommon stiffness.

"Aye, aye!" replied the father, "go along, Bob—go along."

"Well then," said he, "tip us half-a-crown for Jarvy."

The old one had relapsed into his nap before this last speech. Seeing that, his son put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and helped himself, saying,

"Wouldn't disturb you for the world."

He now proceeded to call to the coachman, holding up the half-crown to him, and telling him he wished to take the whip.

The Quaker could contain himself no longer, "Friend," said he, "I think thou hast better not."

By this time the door was opened, and our young gentleman, without taking any further notice of the Quaker's remonstrance than by singing, "Go to the devil and shake yourself," jumped out, and was presently on the box.

The quaker's spirit was moved by the profaneness of the youth, and groaned inwardly.

It was that month of the year which is so much like a pretty woman, being full of sweets, and having both tears and smiles at command—April. The morning was exceedingly fine; but the new driver had not been long in his place before a smart shower coming on, he relinquished the reins, and hastily dismounted, intending to resume his seat; but, when he came to the door, the Quaker held it fast, and, while the rain still poured, thus coolly addressed him out of the window; "Friend, thou didst say that thou wouldst drive: I did say thou hadst better not; but thou didst not heed my words, and now thou shalt drive.

"Come, come, nonsense!" cried the other, jumping about in the shower, "open the door, do."

The Quaker, yet holding it tight, said, deliberately,

"I might now, friend, reply to thee in thine own profane language, and say, 'Go to the devil and shake thyself,' but I—."

Our hero here pulled the Quaker by the sleeve, and whispered to him that he had better let him in, as otherwise he might, through rage, overturn them.

"Friend, thou art in the right," he replied. "There," continued he, opening the door, "I will reply to thee in no such way—thou mayest, if it pleaseth thee, come in and shake thyself here."

The young gentleman came in grumbling, and not by any means satisfied with the Quaker's conduct. His clothes were considerably damaged, and that he could never pardon: he resolved on revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.

A quiet conscience causes a quiet sleep.

possessed of the property of all such as were destroyed in the attempt. My prescription is certainly as good, and I give it gratis.—Try it as often as you please, and let what will happen, I ask no fee or reward.

It just occurs to me, that I have hinted at this once before.—No matter, it cannot be too often recommended.

ORIGINAL TALE.

## *The Ruins.*

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN Maria awoke it was morning, and the sun shone forth with its usual lustre. Upon descending to the breakfast-room, she found her noble entertainer wrapt in profound meditation. He greeted her in his wonted affectionate manner, and kindly enquired if she had been disturbed by the thunder during the night. She told him that she had; and added, that she expected some of the venerable oaks which composed the forest, and sheltered the cottage from the wind, had felt the destructive thunder-bolt, as the extreme severity of an explosion announced it to have fell in the vicinity.

After they had partook of what simple food the activity of the faithful servant who had accompanied his master into his retirement, had provided, Manston enquired of his fair companion if he should continue his history, as it was a subject far from being agreeable, and he wished to have it concluded. She readily acquiesced, and assured him that it would be a pensive gratification. Upon this the noble Mercia thus continued his story.

"I remained in my prison without intrusion, except for the purpose of supplying me with food, for a considerable time. Arthur was either too conscious of his own duplicity and baseness, or too much engaged in securing the possession of my rights and title, the prize for which he had contended, to visit the brother he had injured. With much art and plausibility (as I afterwards learned) he had accounted for our disappearance, by a sudden and accidental death, and related it with such particulars which his fertile brain readily invented, that the story was universally accredited, and he was vested by the king with all the estates and power of the earldom of Mercia. When these things were accomplished to his satisfaction, the perfidious wretch returned to the castle to complete his projects of revenge. From the solitude of my prison, I was called forth to be insulted with a renewal of his offers, by which he said I would secure my own freedom and safety, and my Matilda's happiness. To his offers I returned the same reply as formerly. Enraged at my obstinacy, as he termed it, I was remanded back to my prison, and allowed a fortnight to consider of his proposals, at the expiration of which, if I did not meet his wishes, immediate death was to be the consequence. His futile menaces I treated with contempt, and rejected his offered reprieve: but whether he hoped to bend me to his purpose by severe confinement, or was influenced by the monitions of conscience, which urged him not to doom himself to eternal misery by imbruing his hands in fraternal blood, I was not condemned to perish by the dagger, but was taken to my prison, there to eke out a miserable existence, the victim of revenge and ambition.

That by remaining thus inactive, I might not become unable to use with freedom my limbs, I walked at all times of the day, and frequently of the night, across the spacious apartment in which I was confined. Spacious it was to me, when its limits circumscribed my prospects; but to the large chambers of my own castle, where the happy hours of my youth and innocence were spent in the enjoyment of every thing that could strew life's thorny path with flowers, tormented with no cares for the future, no regret for the past, it bore no comparison. It was, however, a consolatory idea that such a prison had been my lot, when a subterranean cavern at the foundation of the castle might have contained me. The hopes of escape, would, notwithstanding the precautions which were taken to prevent it, at times obtain a place in my mind; and one night when the castle was wrapt in profound silence, as I wandered round the room, accidentally my hands touched a spring, and a pannel in the wainscot trembled beneath the pressure. The light and buoyant visions of hope which had floated on the surface of all my troubles, acquired new elasticity. I eagerly pursued the enquiry which this accidental circumstance occasioned, and found it to be a concealed door, which, by its being almost choaked up with rubbish, that appeared to have been accumulating for centuries, was probably unknown to the present possessors of the castle. My lamp afforded the means of investigating the probability of escape, and with a heart throbbing with expectation I entered upon the search. A narrow winding stair-case descended from the turret where I was confined, but much obstructed with dirt. Resolute and determined, trifling difficulties could not impede my progress. After descending a considerable distance in defiance of all the obstacles that the sure hand of time had thrown in my way, I conceived I must be upon a level with the inhabited part of the building, and I began to feel some anxiety for the termination of my descent. At length I found myself in a winding avenue, as narrow and disagreeable as the path I had hitherto trod. Along this I proceeded till a sudden turning of the narrow entry presented a large vacant space, which appeared once to have been a vast apartment, but was now laid open to any intrusion. At this period there was considerable danger of the cold air which rushed upon me extinguishing my light, but luckily my care prevented it. I crossed the room and pursued a second entry, larger and less encumbered than the first, and which evidently led to the habited apartments; for accidentally stumbling over something, I fell against a door which opened from the path, and which I had not before perceived. The noise occasioned by my fall roused the occupants of the adjoining apartment, and they would have inevitably discovered me, if I had not extinguished my light. The door was opened, but perceiving nothing to cause any alarm, the person retreated muttering to his bed. Left to wander without a light, it would have been impossible to regain my prison. Convinced that a discovery would inevitably follow if I attempted it, I determined to proceed, and groped along the way the best I could, when suddenly a loud shriek arrested my attention. I hurried on till the entry terminated in a door, from whence the sound evidently proceeded. The silence was again interrupted by another shriek. The voice struck on my ear as that of one whom I esteemed more than my existence. I set my foot against the door, and burst it open. The apartment was decorated in an unusual style of magnificence, and judge the effect it had upon my senses, when at the further end of the apartment, I beheld my adored Matilda in the grasp of my degenerate unprincipled brother! Inflamed to a pitch of phrenzy by the sight, I seized him by the neck, and hurled him to the other part of the room. Rage and disappointment convulsed his features, and with all the impotence of madness, he stamped upon the floor. One of his subordinate assassins entered the apartment, and with his dagger aimed a blow at me as I held Matilda in my arms; but unfortunately the direction was unjust, and he gave a death-blow to my happiness; for the fatal weapon entered the bosom of my wife, and she sunk senseless in my arms. Agonized with the reflection that she was now lost to me for ever, and rendered infuriate with passion, I rushed upon the villain, wrested the dagger from his hand, and plunged it to his heart. JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## *Characters.*

NO. II.

### A DISPUTANT

IS an holder of arguments, and wagers too, when he cannot make them good. He takes naturally to controversy, like fishes in India, that are said to have worms in their heads, and swim always against the stream. The greastest mastery of this art consists in turning and winding the state of the question, by which means he can easily defeat whatsoever has been said by his adversary, though excellently to the purpose, like a bowler, that knocks away the Jack when he sees another man's bowl lie nearer to it than his own. Another of his faculties is, with a multitude of words to render what he says so difficult to be recollected, that his adversary may not easily know what he means, and consequently not understand what to answer, to which he secretly reserves an advantage to reply by interpreting what he said before otherwise than he at first intended it, according as he finds it serve his purpose to evade whatsoever shall be objected. Next to this, to pretend not to understand, or to misinterpert what his antagonist says, tho' plain enough, only to divert him from the purpose, and to take occasion from his exposition of what he said, to start new cavils on the bye, and run quite away from the question: but when he finds himself pressed home, and beaten from all his guards, to amuse the foe with some senseless distinction, like a falsified blow, that never hits where it is aimed, but while it is minded makes way for some other trick that may pass. But that which renders him invincible is abundance of confidence and words, which are his offensive and defensive arms; for a brazen face is a natural helmet, and he that has store of words need not surrender for want of ammunition—no matter for reason and sense, which go for no more in disputations than the justice of a cause does in war, which is understood but by few, and commonly regarded by none: for the custom of disputants is not so much to destroy one another's reason, as to cavil at the manner of expressing it, right or wrong; for they believe—*Dolus an Virtus*, &c. ought to be allowed in controversy as in war, and he that gets the victory on any terms whatsoever, deserves it, and gets it honourably. He and his opponent are like two false lute-strings, that will never stand in tune to one another; or like two tennis players, whose greatest skill consists in avoiding one another's strokes.

## POVERTY AND SENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

****** ONE day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor man and woman standing near my door, in earnest discourse together. They did not observe me; and while I was scraping the dirt off my shoes, I overheard the man utter these affectionate words:——

"Do eat it, my dear (she was pressing him to accept of a piece of bread that she held out to him with both her hands)!"

"Do eat it yourself!—"Indeed, I will not take it. It will do more good to you,—for I can fast."

Here my knocking at the door disturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me. I put my hand into my pocket to relieve their distress.

"There, good people," said I, "there is a shilling for you:—you seem to be in want."

They received it with blessings and thanks—when I went into the parlour, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable pair. I then beheld (good Heaven, how my heart did bleed!), I beheld the man devouring the morsel of bread like a wolf; like a wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests to prey on the flocks of the plain.—No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distress of his mate: she had now got wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and he could make his meal on the crust of bread!

I called my dear friend to the window:—"There, Mary behold that sight!"—I told her the story, and the tears gushed from her eyes in a flood. The scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fire-side.

"You see my dear Mary, to what misery we mortals, at times, are reduced: you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your father's house, and have seen nothing but plenty in the country around. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the labourer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his pittance of bread; but in the city you will behold real sorrow and distress.—Were you, like me, to walk the streets of this metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow creatures, men, women, and chilpren, formed by the same hand of God, destitute of every necessary of life; wanting food:—without a home in the cold and chilling frost, they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the rich, and at the doors of their fellow citizens, to pass the bleakest nights! Who knows but such may be the lot this night of this miserable pair?—And yet, by their wickedness or imprudence they cannot have deserved it: they have shewn me such greatness of mind, such nobleness of sentiment, in that short debate about their only crust of bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by vice. Perhaps, bred up in a virtuous and affluent state, they are, for unknown purposes, by the hand of Heaven thus levelled with the poor.—But let us assist them as much as we can."

I ran to the door to give them a guinea; but they were gone, and were lost in a crowd of passengers in the street.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

CASTING my eye over the newspaper, a few evenings ago, my attention was arrested by a paragraph, which excited in me a train of melancholy ideas. It was a notice of Bankruptcy in favour of a friend with whom in former days I had lived in the habits of the greatest intimacy: Imagination led me back to the days of pleasure we had passed in each other's society, while my retentive memory pourtrayed, in lively colours, the happy period when I had seen him surrounded by all the pleasure of life, and encompassed by all the alluring charms of affluence, pomp and equipage. But, alas! how he had fallen—he was now immersed within the gloomy walls of a prison, with scarcely the necessaries of life. Humanity, and the friendship I still held for him, induced me to step forward in his behalf, and exert himself for his liberation.

Early the next day I bent my way to the prison, and enquired of the keeper, if Mr. ——— was there? requesting to see him. He conducted me into an apartment, where sat several people (gentlemen to appearance) at a table, smoking segars, drinking wine, and conversing in strains of mirth and hilarity. In one corner of the room sat a man leaning his head on his hand, who seemed totally absorbed in his own solitary reflections. Immediately I recognised my friend; the distress had so far oppressed him, that I could not trace in his countenance one single mark of his former prosperity. I took a seat, and waited till all the guests one by one had left the table, and retired from the room. I then approached him, and in a soothing voice, enquired the subject of his meditations. A sudden blush crimsoned his cheek, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. "Oh! my friend," said he, "why do you come here? leave me to myself; my own reflections

are monitors sufficiently severe of my past misconduct. I then enquired into the cause of his confinement. Unfortunately for me (continued he,) I became acquainted with several unprincipled GAMESTERS, who introduced me to the BILLIARD TABLE; and tho' at first it was my fixed determination to avoid playing a single game, my friends (as I then thought them) persuaded me to try, and I began, though with a trembling hand. At first I gained amazingly, and the first night came off by far the greatest conqueror at the table. But alas! a spirit of gaming carried me so high that the next evening, I lost all that I had gained before, and a considerable sum besides. I still continued playing in hopes to regain what I had lost, and then intended to quit the place for ever. But then indeed my very destiny seemed interwoven with the billiard table, and in three successive evenings I lost all my cash, mortgaged my whole estate to its full value, and retired from the scene of action a bankrupt in fortune. Ruin now stared me in the face, writ after writ poured in on me apace, my property was sold and myself cast into prison, where now I am left a prey to all the corroding reflections of agonizing remorse. I then left him, and in my walk home I revolved in my mind the ruinous consequences attendant on GAMING.

With much pain and heartfelt sorrow, I now remembered several young gentlemen who at this very time are constant attendants on the BILLIARD TABLE. Oh ye sons and daughters of Dissipation beware! for the time will come when destruction shall hurl upon your devoted heads the tragical consequences of frequenting the GAMING TABLE!

GOOD INTENT.

## *HILARITY.*

*Rouse, rouse up your reason, and drive away care;*
*For enjoyment the blessings of Heav'n were designed;*
*And he who declines, and indulges despair,*
*Is a foe to his* MAKER, *himself, and mankind.*

ANYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN.

*The letter which accompanies this was literally found in the street. I do not send it because of its intrinsic merit, but that placed in your column dedicated to Hilarity it may for a moment unbend the brow of the serious.*

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

TO MISS S..... F.....

SEPTEMBER 8.

*Oh! my Dear Creature!*

Let Friendship plead in my defence, and extenuate, if not obliterate my neglect of answering your last favour.

But the most distressing misfortune has utterly deprived me of all my spirits. Oh! my dear, you could never conceive any thing so unlucky; I vow, I can almost swear never to put on any *Head Dress* again: only think my dear! last week I finished a Head Dress; the sweetest loveliest thing your eyes ever beheld: for upon honour there was such stitching and unstitching, and stitching again, and crimping and pinking, puckering, and heaven knows what all. —Well, I was invited to an evening party; but my poor sweet Head Dress—but as I was going to tell, I was all trimmed off so elegantly from my toes to my head—such a delightful crown and charming modesty piece, and all these things, and above all my head so deliciously, I vow it would have done the hardest heart good to have seen it.--

But just before I was about to depart for my party; I must take one more peep in my glass, when my maid, the nasty careless hussy—I vow my dear I wish she may never be married—so my maid holding the candle, set fire to my poor Head Dress—Away went all in a blaze, and papa to extinguish the flames threw a whole gallon bowl of punch over me.—

Now my dear, was there ever such a misfortune! there stood I, all cinders and Punch—such a figure, I vow I conceived I never should survive, and nothing upon my Life prevented my falling into fits, but the fumes of my scorched cushion and braid—but these are all nothing, they may easily be replaced: however here am I a poor unfortunate creature, left to lament the distressed fate of my dear sweet martyred Head Dress.—Adieu, my dear creature, and believe me with all sincerity your distressed affectionate Friend,

MARIA *——S.

Oh! my poor dear Head Dress!

A HELP TO A SHORT MEMORY.

A Frenchman being at confession, accused himself of many crimes; and among other things acknowledged that not more than an hour before he had given his wife a sound drubbing. "Why did you do that, my son?" said the father confessor. "Why," replied the penitent, "I do the same thing every time I come to confession, and were I once to omit it, my *shrift* would hardly entitle me to absolution. In conformity to the ordinations of our holy religion, I confess once every year, but my memory is so defective, that I should never recollect any sin I have been guilty of, unless I *beat my wife*, which I therefore always do on these occasions; and she in return, comes rattling like a hail-stone, with *a full, true and particular account* of every crime I have committed, *from the hour I married her to the day I drub her.*"

AN Irish school-master, from a conviction of the efficacy of Sunday-schools, in correcting the morals of youth, and aware that his neighbourhood stood in particular need of them, lately proposed a Sunday-school upon a new principle, in which, from mere motives of patriotism, he was willing to officiate gratuitously twice a week, every *Wednesday* and *Saturday*.

## ACCOUNT OF THE FALLS OF CUMBERLAND RIVER.

*(From the Kentucky Gazette)*

AMONGST the various natural curiosities with which our country abounds, the Cumberland fall of water may be ranked amongst the first. It is one of those stupendous works of nature which at the same time fills the mind both with pleasure and astonishment. Notwithstanding this mighty cataract, which is situated not more than one hundred miles below the ford near the turn-pike, a short distance above the mouth of Rock-Castle, and not far from some of the southern settlements in this state, very few have either seen, or even heard of it; owing it is said, to the impossibility of approaching it with any degree of convenience, in any other way than by water, it being surrounded by almost inaccessible cliffs. The following is a description of this fall, as well as of the land, &c. in the vicinity, by Capt. Wm. Hogan, a gentleman whose veracity may be relied on, and who visited it about the middle of last July:

"The falls of Cumberland river are about one hundred miles below the ford at the turn-pike, and above the Rock-Castle creek; the navigation to them is fine and the lands on each side of the river of good quality, until you arrive within about ten miles of the falls, except where the hills bind on the river; but generally better on the south west or Indian side than the the north east. For about ten miles above the falls, the land is poor on both sides. At the falls there is about one acre of land on the north east side, which is level; the growth of which is common pine, spruce pine, elm, chesnut, and some poplars. The main fall of the water is over a rock, whose perpendicular height is 45 feet; and within 100 yards above the rock, the water falls about 10 feet, making in the whole a fall of about 55 feet. The agitation of the water, falling from so great a height upon the rocks below, causes a

great quantity of it to rise in vapour, which has the appearance of a continual fog, and keeps every substance wet where it is driven by the air. The appearance of the rainbow in its brightest colours may be constantly seen, whilst the sun shines on this vapour, if the station of the spectator is between it and the sun.

"The river below the falls for about a mile is very narrow, and filled with rocks; the passage in one place not being more than 20 in width, occasions the river below the falls in times of very high water to rise within a few feet of the top of the rock, over which the water falls.

"As the water never rises quite high enough to admit fishes to pass over the falls, they collect in immense quantities below, especially the large Catfish, and where they bite very freely."

## HINTS TO THE LADIES.

IT has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it; but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable.—"Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now-a-days make the fellows so saucy that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite other sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please, they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflections, cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces.—The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention.

From your's, &c.

DISTAFF.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## *The Dessert.*

SONNET XII.

### NEW-YEAR.

*——The hours, an airy ring,*
*Lightly flit with downy wing,*
*And tap the works of man.*

OGILVIE.

LO! from th' expanding portals of the East,
Forth comes the glorious source of heat and light,
In golden car, in gorgeous raiment bright,
To run his destin'd journey to the West.

Great Sire of days, he leads another year,
Adown the long descending tract of Time;
Fulfils th' ETERNAL MIND's decree sublime, (cheer.
As circling worlds his quick'ning spendors

Like him, in duty may I pass my days,
Obedient ever to the Will Divine:
May all my soul be emulous to shine,
In doing good and to my Maker's praise.

Thus shall each year, "a critique on the past,"
Both time and bliss improve while life shall last.

AMYNTOR.

## *PHILADELPHIA,*

JANUARY 2, 1802.

### *Marriages.*

*Come, Widower, Bachelor, old Maid and Virgin,*
*Time rapidly flies—Love and Hymen are urging;*
*Neglect not their call;—if much longer ye tarry,*
*Life's thread will spin out, and* not one of you marry.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City....On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Greene, Mr John M. Bradford, of New York, merchant, to Miss Abigail Field of this city.

### *Deaths.*

*Hov'ring and trembling on Time's awful brink,*
*Year after year, Man sees his fellows sink;*
*Yet strange infatuation binds him fast*
*To earth; as tho' it would for ever last;*
*ALMIGHTY POWER! burst this security;*
*Oh! shew us what we are, and ought to be.*

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 23d inst. Mrs. Catharine Reese, consort of Mr. J. Reese, merchant....Same day, Mrs. Sarah Seybert, wife of Dr. A. Seybert.

.....Lately in Caroline county, Maryland Mrs. Mary Beachamp, at the very advanced age of 119 years. She enjoyed to the last an unusual possession of all her faculties.

.....In Prince George's county, Maryland, a man by the name of Riddle, at the age of 105 years.

.....In Mifflin county, (Pen.) Mr. Thomas Harris, aged 106 years.

.....At Rheams, in Germany, a woman, at the age of 101, having had 19 husbands, and bred up 27 children! She was attended to the grave by 150 sons, grand-sons and great-grand-sons; many of the former going upon crutches or led along blind, borne down with age. She had herself 8 brothers and 14 sisters, all of whom made good use of their time, so that their old woman was aunt to upwards of 1,000 people!

According to the list published by the Synod of Russia, there died in 1800, in the thirty-two divisions of that Empire, *two thousand five hundred and fifty* persons above 80 years of age; *two hundred and sixteen* between 90 and 100; *one hundred and thirty-three* between 101 and 110; *twenty-six* between 110 and 119; *nine* aged 120; *one* aged 125; *two* aged 130.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Adieu to Alexis*" and verses "*On the Death of a young Lady*" will be given in our next.

A profusion of articles *styled* "ENIGMAS," received from different correspondents, during this two weeks past, will undoubtedly be *disposed* of—as they merit.

An interview with Julius is requested.

## *TEMPLE of the MUSES.*

EXTRACT FROM A POEM ON THE

### NEW YEAR.

*Written by Miss* BOWDLER.

'TIS past:—another year for ever gone
Proclaims the end of all;—with awful voice
It calls the soul to thought. Awhile she turns
From present scenes, and .....
.....darting forward, strives to pierce the veil
Which hides from mortal eyes the time to come.

Thou rising year, now opening to my view,
Yet wrapp'd in darkness—whither dost thou lead?
What is Futurity?——It is a time
When joys, unknown to former life, *may* shed
Their brightest beams on each succeeding day;
When Health again *may* bloom, and Pleasure smile,
By pain no more allay'd) and new delights
On every changing season still attend;
Each morn returning wake the soul to joy
From balmy slumbers, undisturb'd by care;
Success still wait on Hope; and every hour
In peace and pleasure gently glide away.—
But ah! how rare on earth are years like this!
In the dark prospect of Futurity,
Far other scenes than these may yet remain:
Affliction there may aim her keenest shafts
To tear the heart,—while pain and sickness waste
The feeble frame by slow-consuming pangs,
And ease and comfort lost are sought in vain;
For there, perhaps, no friendly voice may cheer
The tedious hours of grief, but all around
Expiring joys and blasted hopes appear,
New woes succeed to woes, and every good
On earth be snatched away.—How then shall man
Salute the rising year?—Shall cheerful Hope
Receive the welcome guest; or Terror wait
In speechless anguish the impending storm?
Presumptuous mortal, cease:—O turn thine eyes
On the dark mansions of the silent dead,
And check the bold enquiry;—never more
The rising sun may shed its beams on thee;
Perhaps, ev'n now, the fatal hour is come
Which ends at once thy earthly hopes and fears,
And seals thy doom thro' vast eternity.—
How awful is the thought! and who shall say
It is not just? What mortal shall disclose
The dark decrees of Heav'n?——But grant, to life
A longer date assign'd, another year
On earth bestow'd; in deepest shades conceal'd
Its good or ill remains; no mortal hand
Can draw the veil which hides it from thy view.
Hence then, ye airy dreams by fancy led!
Vain hopes, and vainer fears—deceive no more!
In native lustre bright let Truth appear,
With her pure beams illume the dark unknown,
And shew what man of future days can know.

What is Futurity?——It is a time
By Heaven in mercy giv'n, where all may find
Their best, their truest good, the means, the power,
To elevate their nature, to exert
Each nobler faculty, and still to rise
In every virtue.——Here the best may find
Improvement: for what mortal e'er attain'd
Perfection's utmost point?—And here ev'n those,
Who long, by vice and folly led astray,
Forsook the paths of wisdom and of truth,
May yet return, and with new ardour seek
That long-neglected good, which, though despis'd,
Rejected once, may here be yet attain'd.—

Know then, whoe'er thou art, on whom high Heaven
Another year of life will now bestow,
That year may lead thee to eternal peace,
May cancel follies past, redeem the time
In thoughtless dissipation once abus'd,
Dispel the shades of vice, the gloom of care,
Call forth each latent virtue, and impart
New strength, new hopes, and joys which ne'er shall fail.

### THE KISS.

LONG have I sedulously tried
My fair one's lips to press;
Long has the cruel maid denied
My ardent hopes to bless.
At length the lovely girl complies,
And grants the balmy treasure;
Love sparkles in her brilliant eyes,
And ev'ry look is pleasure.
Kitty! I thank thee for the Kiss,
Of each dull care the soother;
But, oh! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
Pray, *shave a little smoother!*

### TO JULIA,

ON HER THROWING A SNOW-BALL.

YOUNG, wanton Julia flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold, I cried; but ah! too soon I found,
Sent by her hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless fair! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, Julia, burn, like me, and that desire,
With *water* which thou kindlest, quench with *fire*.

### EPIGRAM.

TO AN IMPOTENT AND SCURRILOUS LAMPOONER.

POOR, sore-stung elf, thy puny efforts cease;
Thy pointless strains can never wound my peace:
The cur that grins, but wants the power to bite,
May raise my laughter; but must fail to fright.
Son of scurrility! a countless train
Of foes like thee, would only meet disdain.
Yet, still, one way remains mine ire to raise,
And but one way, to curse me with thy praise!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### REBUS

ADDRESSED TO MISS .....

To find the name of an admired fair,
Seek first a nymph who rides the ambiant air;
The lover next who nightly visits paid,
O'er the great Hell'spont to the Sestian maid;
A Phrygian mount, where Paris gave to Love, *
The prize, so wish'd for, by the spouse of Jove;
Palmyra's queen, (who 'gainst the Romans fought)
Aurelian's captive fair, in triumph brought;
She by whose aid, the lab'rynth was explor'd,
And Theseus sav'd, who else had been devour'd.

Next find the man who led the Greeks of old,
And verified the fate of Troy, foretold;
The maid whose faithful soul disdain'd to live,
While Phaon's perjur'd heart could still deceive;
The fickle fair who caus'd the Trojan war;
The Cretan king who kept the Minotaur;
The faithful wife, who with a placid smile,
Rush'd on her much lov'd husband's funeral pile;
The first, fam'd Thessalonian ship, which bore,
Jason and crew to ancient Colchia's shore;
A nymph, whom bright Apollo woo'd in vain,
If added, will a fair one's name explain.

U. V.

* The queen of love, Venus.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### ANSWER

TO U. V.'S REBUS IN THE LAST NO.

IN some part of the scriptures we're told,
That good Nathan upbraided his lord,
And in language most terribly bold,
Said, "*THO* u art the man"—Awful word!
*M* uses! oft are ye grossly abus'd!
Poetasters this surely will own;
When invok'd, if their aid is refus'd,
To the maids then no mercy is shewn;
But with looks of *contemptuous* rage,
And oaths ever ready to bind 'em—
*P*Shaw!—them quit, and their smooth-running page!
*ON!* on, thou black pen! and ne'er mind 'em.

* *

### *ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.*

THE FIRST.

I was thoroughly puzzled to well understand,
That the symbol of magic, was only a *Wand*—
From two fifths of the dower of man, I infer,
That as Error is common, 'tis certainly *er*—
And the water is *pool*, known to every fool;
So the name of the fair must be, *Miss* WANDERPOOL.

2. MISS ELIZABETH GINDER.